



True Independence.

Young Lady—I am tired of living on my relatives, and want to be independent.

Employment Agent—I might get you a place in a store.

"That won't do. I'd be under some one's orders continually. I want to be independent of everything and everybody."

"Ah, I see. I'll get you a place as cook."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Was Fitted.

"You say that in college you specially fitted yourself for Wall street business," said the broker to an applicant for a situation.

"Yes, sir."

"That's odd. I didn't know colleges could be of much use in our line. What special study did you devote yourself to?"

"Hydraulic engineering."—Puck.

Why He Thought So.

"Ah," remarked the serious individual, "a wise man never builds his house upon sand."

"Well, retorted the proprietor of a seaside hotel, "a wise man may not, but I know a lot of fellows who have made a worldly success doing that very thing."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Can't Lose 'Em.

Oh, why should we daily encounter, As we wander to and fro, The man who recalls such weather Some fifty-odd years ago. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

FELT A LITTLE ANXIOUS.



"Pa!" "Now what do you want?" "Will my hair fall off when it's ripe like yours?"—Ally Sloper.

An Open Secret.

The reason for embracing Men love to hug delusions—And girls delusions are, —Chicago Daily News.

Of One Kind.

"You didn't have any luck?" she said, inquiringly, when he returned from his fishing trip. "None at all," he admitted. "Then she got a whiff of his breath. 'No wonder,' she commented. 'You must have taken all the bait yourself.'—Chicago Post.

A Trifle Mixed.

"Can't you tell me about the naval battles of the war of 1812?" asked the teacher. "Yes, ma'am," said the pupil, a little doubtful. "The naval battles were successful on the sea, but they were not so successful on land."—N. Y. Times.

A Sure Thing.

Ginkens—This life insurance idea is good enough if a man dies young, but suppose I should live 30 or 40 years longer—I'd be terribly out of pocket. Agent—No danger of that, sir. You'll soon kill yourself working to pay the premiums."—N. Y. Sun.

Thoroughly Competent Person. First Sportsman—Good guide, is he? Second Sportsman—Oh, yes! If necessary, he'll do the shooting and bring home the game and let you say you did it and whip anybody that says you didn't.—Puck.

Hasn't Claimed It.

"Reuben bet Cyrus he could stay under water the longest." "Who won?" "Reuben." "Then why don't he claim the bet?" "He hasn't come up yet."—Philadelphia Record.

No More Money.

Old Lawyer—Why do you feel that your client will lose his case? Have you exhausted every means at your disposal to— Young Lawyer—No, but I have exhausted all the means at his disposal. —Philadelphia Press.

THE BEST OF REASONS.



He—I wouldn't go away on Friday. She—Why not—superstitious? He—No; Saturday is payday. —Chicago Journal.

Getting There.

To put your best foot forward Is advice that can't be beat, For the ones who gain the great success Get there with both feet. —Ohio State Journal.

Crafty.

Mrs. Testy—I don't know how it is, Bridget, but it looks as though you took pleasure in breaking dishes that cannot be duplicated.

Bridget—It's not pleasure, mum, but common sense. If a dish can't be duplicated, as you call it, of course you can't expect me to replace it when I have broken it. —Boston Transcript.

Cool.

"The trouble with father," said the gilded youth, "is that he has no idea of the value of money."

"You don't mean to imply that he is a spendthrift."

"Not at all. But he puts his money away and doesn't appear to have any appreciation of all the things he might buy with it."—Washington Star.

Homemade Bread.

Husband—And so you made this bread yourself? It is remarkable.

Young Wife—It's real good, isn't it? But it was such a trouble. I had to watch it constantly to keep it from burning.

"Was that the only trouble?" "Of course. I got the dough from the baker's."—N. Y. Weekly.

Family Symptoms.

Mr. Jones—That young Snodgrass acts as if he was one of the family.

His Only Daughter—How, so papa? Mr. Jones—Why, he acts scared when your mother's around!—Puck.

He'd Better Not.

I'd like to tell her sometimes if I dared; I'd like to whisper something in her ear; I'll do it, too, someday, if I am spared. It means a lot to me, she's such a dear; I'd like to whisper something, yes, I would.

But fear—I fear her scornful glance to brook! But still mayhap 'twould do her lots of good.

To tell her how my mother used to cook. —Chicago Journal.

ANOTHER RACE PROBLEM.



Wiener—I have become deeply interested in this race problem in the south.

Wurst—Take my advice and forged it. Dose horse race systems are no good. —N. Y. Sun.

Past Hope.

"Don't you know that you could own a house for the money you spend on smoking?"

"Yes," answered the obstinate man, "but maybe the trouble with taxes and assessments and repairs would drive me to drink, and that would be worse."—Washington Star.

Conviction.

"Is he independent in politics?"

"Yes. He always goes to the polls and votes the ticket his father did before him, with full independence of men, measures and what anybody may think about it."—N. Y. Herald.

ONE BASS THRICE TAKEN.

Greedy Fish Comes Back After the Bait Although Wounded in the Effort.

Sometimes a fish strikes because it is hungry, sometimes because it is irritated, sometimes because it has got into the habit of doing so. There are fish which, when a bait has been snatched away from them once, cannot be tempted to attack it again, though the hook has not touched them; there are others which will return to the charge, even though they have been badly scratched, says the New York Sun.

Recently a couple of men fishing from a boat on Round Lake, in Sawyer county, Wis., caught a couple of dozen of bass and, having enough, returned to the water all taken thereafter. One returned a three-pounder whose side had been freshly scarred by a muskallongue.

A moment afterward the frog was taken and he hauled out a fish scarred in the same place. He believed it to be the same fish, but to make sure clipped the edge of a back fin with his knife and put it in the water.

After a couple of casts the frog was again seized and the fish, after a fight, was reeled in. It was the marked bass. To avoid taking this fish all of the afternoon the boat was moved away.

Early in June two friends named Wade and Shively, fishing on Long Lake, Wis., lost two frogs apiece and all within five minutes. They were using small green frogs hooked through the lips. They believed that some extraordinarily smart bass was after their hook.

Then Shively got a strike and hooked his fish. A big fight followed, and when the bass was landed it was found that it had taken all five frogs.

George Clark, of Chicago, fishing in the Gogebic region of Michigan this spring, hooked a muskallongue when trolling with some sixty feet of line out. The fish immediately rolled over on the line, wrapping it about its body twice or thrice, and gave a hard fight. After twenty minutes of work it was brought to the boat and shot through the head.

It weighed 12 pounds, not a particularly big musky, but strong and game. Certainly it struck at the spoon because it was hungry, not because it was hungry, for sticking out of one side of its mouth was the tail of a bass which weighed a pound and a half. Three inches of the tail and body projected; the remainder of the bass was firmly fastened in the maw and doubtless the tail would have been swallowed after the other part was digested if Clark and his spoon had not happened along.

The musky made its fight with the bass sticking out of one side of its mouth and the hook sticking into the other side of it, and the bass was not loosened at all by the struggles.

HOME OF CASHMERE SHAWLS.

There Is Not Enough Demand for the Industry to Keep Workers Employed.

A New Yorker who is now living in Shadipore, India, in the vale of Cashmere, the home of the beautiful Cashmere shawl, gives a melancholy account of the decline of a great and famous industry. These rare and costly shawls, which were so much prized in the days of our grandmothers and handed down as heirlooms from mother to daughter, are still made in Cashmere, but their glory has departed, and the cheap and seductive aniline dye has displaced the soft and beautiful colorings in the old-time vegetable dyes, says the New York Tribune.

The men who understand their manipulation have gone to more lucrative fields, or else they lie in humble graveyards hard by the straggling village streets, and the wild iris clothes their resting places with colors far more delicate than any they ever mixed.

The Cashmere shawl industry received its death blow during the Franco-Prussian war, at the breaking up of the French court. The shawls were brought to France for the great Napoleon III, and fashion immediately set her seal upon them. But when the court of Napoleon III, crumbled in the dust the vogue of the Cashmere shawl fell with it, and famine and distress invaded the far-away valleys of Cashmere.

Shadipore, which was once one of the centers of the Cashmere shawl industry, is beautifully located in a valley at the junction of the Sind and Jhelum rivers. Numerous herds of cattle find rich pasture on the surrounding hills, and the giant chenar, the glory of Cashmere, makes the valley look like a park. But the village has shrunk to a mere hamlet of rickety houses, and the luxuriant vegetation fails to cover its bareness and poverty. What is left of the shawl industry is carried on by boys and men, who earn from two to eight annas a day, or from four to eight cents in American coinage. For this beggarly sum they sit all day long at the looms, which are almost as forlorn as themselves in appearance, for they date back to the days of prosperity and are held together by a generous use of string.

There is just enough demand for the shawls to keep the industry alive. Rich Cashmerians like to wear Cashmere shawls, and also employ them as draperies, and a few find their way to Central Asia and Tibet.

Couldn't Scare Him.

"Colonel," said the fair hostess to the hero of many battles, "are you fond of classical music?"

"Madam," replied the gallant colonel, "I'm not afraid of it."—Chicago Daily News.

On the Same Plane.

Foreign Attache—Are they on the same plane socially? American—Oh, yes; they exchange snubs regularly. —Town Topics.

His Harvest Moon.

"A young friend of mine," said Senator Joseph W. Bailey, "married, not long ago, a woman of 30 years. She was rich and ugly; he was handsome and poor. The day after their wedding I met the bride and bridegroom on a Pullman train, traveling west. The bridegroom went into the smoking compartment with me, and we talked up. He looked gloomily. He was silent a long while. 'Well, Jack,' said I, 'so this is your honeymoon, eh?' 'He smiled grimly. 'Don't call it my honeymoon,' he said. 'It's the harvest moon with me.'—N. Y. Tribune.

Didn't Like to Boast.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece. "Well, of course," replied the niece, diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have staid awake at night for hours, listening to my playing."—Stray Stories.

She Didn't Care.

Maplehill, Ia., Aug. 10th.—"I felt as though I didn't care whether I lived or died, I was so miserable all the time."

In these words does Miss Nellie Barfoot, of this place, describe her condition. Every woman who is, or has been, sick and suffering will understand and appreciate just how Miss Barfoot felt, and there are no doubt many thousands of similar cases.

It is truly an awful thing when a woman gets so low that she can say "I don't care whether I live or die."

But Miss Barfoot tells a different story today, and her words should guide every suffering woman to the path of health and happiness.

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am cured. I feel like a new person, and I would say to every woman suffering as I did, give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial, and you will not be disappointed. They are worthy of the highest praise."

Kept a Secret.

Wife—Think I can't keep a secret, do you?

Husband—Yes, I do. "Well, I've worn an old hat trimmed over for the past two months, and I haven't told a soul yet, so there."—N. Y. Weekly.

Get What You Ask For.

When you see an article well-advertised in the newspapers, you may be sure it's a good article, for advertising only pays if the goods are honest and possess merit. The people who make a specialty of an advertised article, like Cascarets, Candy Cathartics, for example, stake their whole business existence on its doing what they say it will. They must "make good," as the saying is. Readers of this paper are urged to be sure that they get what they ask for, when they ask for an advertised article, for it's the good thing that is imitated and counterfeited. Don't accept substitutes! Insist on getting the genuine!

In the Family.

She—And are you a descendant of the old family of the van Bibles? He—No, not exactly; but my brother is. —Judge.

The House That Jack Built

finds greater appreciation when one reads of "The Town That Jack Built," and the money-making possibilities in the district contiguous thereto. Send two-cent stamp for copy of this pamphlet and other Katy publications equally as attractive and interesting. Address "KATY," Suite A, St. Louis, Mo.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "magazines don't do their duty in life when they pick up a few leafy clover and wait for a lucky to come."—Washington Star.

Stops the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife—so a woman says.—Philadelphia Press.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Unless a man has scored at least one failure, he is unable to appreciate success.—Chicago Daily News.

Three solid through trains daily Chicago to California. Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line.

"A page digested is better than a volume hurriedly read."—Macaulay.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured. Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Life's little frets call for its largest faith. —Ran's Horn.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Aug. 8.
CATTLE—Common \$2 75 @ 4 00
Heavy steers 5 00 @ 5 25
CALVES—Extra 6 00 @ 6 75
HOGS—Ch. packers 5 50 @ 5 60
Mixed packers 5 45 @ 5 55
SHEEP—Extra 3 10 @ 3 25
LAMB—Extra 6 15 @ 6 25
FLOUR—Spring pat. 4 35 @ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 77 1/2 @ 77 3/4
No. 3 winter 78 @ 78 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 53 1/2 @ 53 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 34 @ 34 1/2
RYE—No. 2 57 @ 57 1/2
HAY—Ch. timothy 17 50 @ 17 75
PORK—Clear family 15 50 @ 15 75
LARD—Steam 7 50 @ 7 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy 12 @ 12 1/2
Choice creamery 2 00 @ 3 00
APPLES—Fancy 1 75 @ 2 00
POTATOES—Per bin 1 75 @ 2 00
TOBACCO—New 3 50 @ 9 00
Old 5 50 @ 13 00

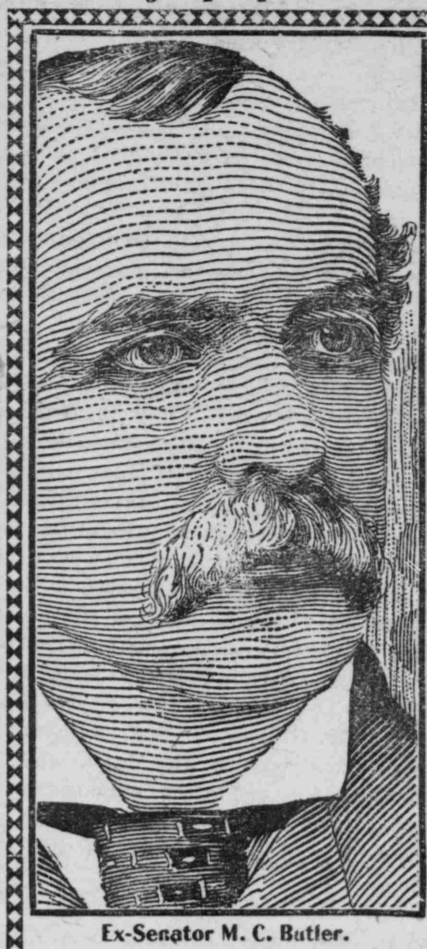
Chicago.
FLOUR—Winter pat. 3 75 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 78 1/2 @ 79 1/2
No. 3 spring 77 @ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 52 @ 52 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 37 1/2
RYE—No. 2 52 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Mess 13 20 @ 13 25
LARD—Steam 7 85 @ 7 87 1/2

New York.
FLOUR—Win. str. 3 35 @ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 84 1/2 @ 84 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 59 1/2 @ 59 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 35 1/2
RYE—Western 52 @ 52 1/2
PORK—Family 17 00 @ 17 50
LARD—Steam 8 00 @ 8 00

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 1/2 @ 80
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 56 @ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 35 1/2
CATTLE—Steers 5 00 @ 5 25
HOGS—Western 6 75 @ 6 75

Louisville.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 79 @ 79
CORN—No. 3 mixed. 55 @ 55 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 35 @ 35 1/2
PORK—Mess 14 50 @ 14 50
LARD—Steam 7 75 @ 7 75

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red. 76 1/2 @ 76 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed. 51 1/2 @ 51 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed. 31 1/2 @ 31 3/4

U. S. SENATOR FROM SOUTH CAROLINA
Recommends Pe-ru-na
For Dyspepsia and Stomach Trouble.

Ex-Senator M. C. Butler.

Catarrh of the Stomach is Generally Called Dyspepsia—Something to Produce Artificial Digestion is Generally Taken.

Hence, Pepsin, Pancreatin and a Host of Other Digestive Remedies Has Been Invented.

These Remedies Do Not Reach the Seat of the Difficulty, Which is Really Catarrh.

EX. U. S. Senator M. C. Butler from South Carolina, was Senator from that state for two terms. In a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from Washington, D. C., says:

"I can recommend Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach trouble. I have been using your medicine for a short period and I feel very much relieved. It is indeed a wonderful medicine besides a good tonic."—M. C. Butler.

The only rational way to cure dyspepsia is to remove the catarrh. Peruna cures catarrh. Peruna does not produce artificial digestion. It cures catarrh and leaves the stomach to perform digestion in a natural way. This is vastly better and safer than resorting to artificial methods.

Peruna has cured more cases of dyspepsia than all other remedies combined, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. If catarrh is located in the head, Peruna cures it. If catarrh has fastened itself in the throat or bronchial tubes, Peruna cures it. When catarrh becomes settled in the stomach, Peruna cures it, as well in this location as in any other.

Peruna is not simply a remedy for dyspepsia. Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Peruna cures dyspepsia because it is generally dependent upon catarrh.

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